

THE GLEANER



HARVEST DAY ISSUE

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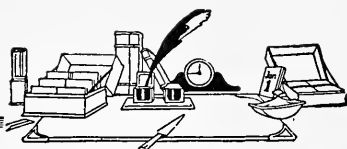
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EDITORIAL



IT IS fitting that an issue of our *Gleaner* be dedicated to our Harvest Season. Through an entire Spring and Summer we have toiled constantly — preparing land, planting, checking weeds and insect enemies — to make our harvest a reality. And now we view, with that deep and complete satisfaction which only a farmer can experience, the fruitful results of our labor.

Apples, milk, potatoes, wool — all of these and more have been tallied and recorded in the Farm School books. The season now draws to a close, with Farm School men reaping a harvest of knowledge in the production of these items, and society being the beneficiary of our goods. Having viewed what can be done, we feel that next season shall bring even greater rewards.

The Golden Harvest is with us.





L I T T E R A R Y

EPISODE

B. Feinberg.

ADAM NOLES would have been just an average man if it wasn't for that unexplainable desire he possessed. He was in his late forties, happily married and respectfully employed. Yes, he was a normal human except for that twist in his brain which brought on that almost uncontrollable desire to jump off bridges. He couldn't tell you when the urge first came upon him, but as far back as he could remember, whenever he looked over a bridge, an unreasonable, uncontrollable desire to jump into the water overtook him.

And that was why Adam Noles was afraid the first time he crossed the new George Washington bridge that spanned the Hudson River from the Jersey to the New York shore. He didn't want to go across but when that hesitant fear came to him he laughed and said to himself, "Grab hold of yourself, man. Don't let this thing get the best of you." Then he started across. At first it didn't bother him, but when he stopped to look over the

railing his eyes caught sight of a small whirlpool that spun 'round and 'round in the dark swirling waters of the river. A small piece of wood floating down was caught in the swiftly moving arms of the whirlpool and sucked down into its deep fathomless depths. Adam was fascinated. Subconsciously he muttered to himself, "I wonder if I could get it if I jumped in? Maybe if I moved over a few feet and took a big jump I could make it." Suddenly he came to his senses. He shook himself and with a frightened look on his face started across the bridge at a rapid pace.

He had neared the middle of the bridge when the urge came upon him again. He looked into the restless waters beneath his feet and something inside of his feverish mind said, "Don't be afraid, jump." Adam shook himself again and soon came out of it, but unconsciously looked at the water again. He gazed over the rail for five minutes then suddenly turned around and cried, "No, damn it, no!"

An elderly woman passing was startled by his actions and hurriedly ran across the bridge to find a policeman for this supposedly lunatic. Adam watched her until she disappeared and then began walking. His walking suddenly turned into a run and he didn't stop until he came to the end of the bridge. There were large beads of perspiration rolling down his face and he was breathing in gasps. He wiped his fore-

head with a handkerchief, and after resting for a few seconds, looked back at the huge steel structure that had before sought his life. He shuddered and then grinned, "I must be working too hard." As he stepped off the sidewalk to cross the other side, he took one last look at the bridge, and perhaps saw the speeding auto that hurtled at him, striking him, and killing him instantly.



LIVE YOUR LIFE

Do not throw away the precious
moments

To find a reason when there is none,
But, to sing and laugh and work and
procreate
Extensively...

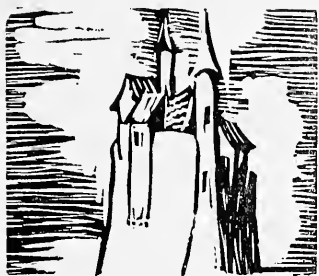
Do not
Frustrate yourself,

Seek not
A reason,

Or life goes on
Without you...

— J. Lerner.

SANCTUARY



D. Oschrein.

THE janitor stood for a moment outside the church. He had to go down the cellar soon, for since it was March, the fires had to be kept going. He must not forget about the window in the chapel that needed a new rope. Stopping first to fasten the other door open, he then started for the cellar. It always seemed strange to him that doors so heavy should be so easy to move. They slipped back on rollers to a place in the wall. These huge things guarded the entrance to a church in down-town Philadelphia.

* * * *

The last few days that he would be able to see! Soon he would be dependent upon others to lead him wherever he desired to go. He was dazed by the shock. If only it had not been so sudden — if he had had some sort of preparation! That morning he gladly would have postponed his visit to the oculist, but his wife insisted that his glasses needed changing too badly for him to wait any longer. Funny; he had thought he needed only new glasses, and here he was going blind. He stretched out his head on his arm — just like that. It was breath-taking. A man came up to him, "Are you sick, buddy?" "No, not sick," he answered. In his mind he echoed. "No, not sick, blind!" He straightened, passed his hand over his eyes. There was the church. He felt sick, must have a place to rest. He walked up the steps and through the doors to the quiet seclusion inside. He seated himself in a pew, bewildered and frightened, trying to find, if nothing else, resignation. He would be blind in two weeks.

* * * *

She tripped lightly along, humming a little tune. It was spring, and he was to meet her at the corner on which the church stood. She was wearing a new hat, blue as the sky. Her hair had just been waved. They

were to be married! He didn't have a job, but that didn't matter; he soon would have and then they would work together. If only her shoes did not hurt! She looked at her watch, one-thirty! She was not to meet him until one-forty-five. She was amazed to find it was so early. It must have been because Minnie had given her a lift into town. Well, she certainly could not stand there all the time with her feet hurting. Then she had an inspiration, she would wait in the church. Then she would not have to walk far. As she went in, she stopped and held onto the door, lifting her foot partly out of her shoe to wriggle her toes. But she walked down the aisle briskly.....she was wearing a new hat and would soon see him.

* * * *

What was he to do.....he must find some place to hide. He had increased his speed until he was out of breath. Two men were after him, and a man running in a crowded street attracts so much attention that he is easily caught. He looked around him. The church.....that was the last place they would look for him; they would think he had gone on. In spite of his fear, he laughed a little at the thought of himself in church. He ran lightly up the steps, pausing just a minute to see if his pursuers had caught sight of him.....then he slipped into a pew. He knelt.....better to hide his face.....he was panting so it was difficult for him to breathe. All his life he had stolen, anything and everything. He just happened to get caught this time. Kneeling there in the church, his heart pounding, he felt.....for a moment.....safe.....

* * * *

That night, as the janitor pulled the great doors shut, he was conscious of an indefinable happiness, because he would not have to tend the fires much longer.....



THE BARNSTORM

You believe in the majesty of your work,
 Gaining knowledge and inspiration every day.
 You feel that the land, animals, and Mother Nature
 Are striving to great things with your help.
 When the sun rises in the heavens,
 You find the trail and start your course.
 It is as if all things lean towards you.
 Standing firm, you embrace them,
 And Life marches on.....

THE WOODS OF THE LORD

I like to wander in the woods —
Or sit on a log and think,
But better still I like to gather
Wood flowers of blue, white and pink.

I like to just imagine
I lived in days gone by,
When all the world was as bright
As the sun up in the sky.

I envy the long gone pioneers
And the lovers of the wild,
Who trusted in the God above
As simply as a child.

The trees remind me of men
Whose hearts were true and strong,
Of men who lived straight forward
lives

And would do his fellow men no
wrong.

The trees, the mosses and flowers
Were planted by the Lord above,
To teach us three great lessons
Of strength, simplicity and love.

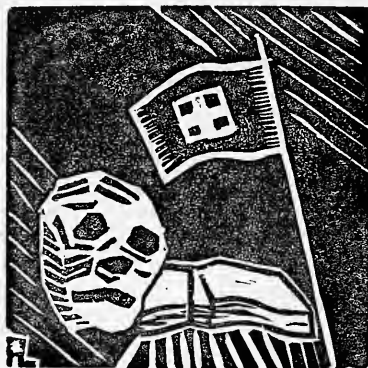
— Eason, '38.



BEDLAM

The mob.....shoving.....mulling.....pushing,
Shouting.....swearing.....yelling.....howling,
Blood!.....blood!.....blood!
The beast in man.....aroused,
Passions.....surging.....gushing through the body,
The heart.....pumping.....faster.....faster.....still faster,
The furies of Hell.....the tempests of heaven,
Mad.....crazy.....insane,
Momentary silence.....the combatants.....sweaty,
Greasy.....foul.....triumphantly marching,
Again.....maelstrom of noises.....cataclysm of clamor,
Deafening.....roaring.....through the night,
Automatons.....machines.....playthings of the gods,
Slaves.....parishes.....swine,
AWAKE.....fools.....the world is within your grasp.

— L. Tannenwald.



WAR

In smoke and blood stench'd trenches
 They waited — like wooden soldiers —
 For the fatal command — Charge!
 And forward marched the human machines.
 Forward bent with bayonets in hand
 Zumm! a head flew off — blood
 Gushed forth from the ripped jugular
 And still they charged!
 Forward bent with bayonets in hand —
 Boom! a black hole remained where
 Men once stood — the rest choked
 From the stink of human flesh and powder.
 And still they charged!
 Forward bent with bayonet in hand —
 As they neared the enemy lines,
 Tat-tat-tat belched the machine guns
 Down dropped the slaves — human bowling pins.
 "O God! Is this Life!" they cried.

— *L. Tannenwald.*



VERSE

He sits and dreams;
 Green fields wave in the sunshine,
 Beside him the rusty plow hungers,
 The hoary frost runs wild;
 He sits and dreams,

— *P. Goldfarb.*

AGRICULTURE

THE INSECT

Man's greatest enemy in agriculture is the insect. The days of wild beasts being called and feared as man's greatest enemy has passed. We are now living in a generation in which the insect is held as king of the beasts.

Now let us pause for a moment and see what truth there is in such a statement. Let us go back to the days when agriculture was in its infancy. Scientists were not puzzled on the subject of finding out how we could get rid of lions, tigers and elephants, but they were worried about something much smaller, less ferocious as to size, something which was often microscopic. This was known as the insect. Man has been attacked on a far larger scale by insects than by any other animal and has been subjected to unbelievable losses by this one class of animal, than by any other class. He has suffered plagues, deaths, disruptions, crop failures and millions of other devastations.

Yet the insect has done more to educate and modernize than any of the beasts of the jungle, which we have so long held in fear esteem.

Due to the insect, man has been forced to delve into mysterious channels of life, and this could only be accomplished on scientific lines.

Only a sort of balance of Nature has saved this world from being overrun or wiped out by that little scavenger, the insect.

DOYLESTOWN FAIR

At the Doylestown Fair, the Hort Department exhibited several varieties of fruit and vegetables and was awarded the following prizes.

Rhubarb 1st prize

Pumpkin 1st prize

Apples —

Grimes Golden, Stayman,
Rome Beauty, Jonathan and
Delicious, all 1st prizes.

Peaches 3rd prize

Pears 1st prize

Quinces 2nd prize



HERE: BUT TO DESTROY

I FARE forth into my apple orchard of a misty morn. In the distance I see the characteristic red of harvest time gleaming, welcoming me to pick and taste.

I approach gleefully. Reaching for the ruddy-faced fruit, I grasp it only to find its nether side black with Japanese beetles. They swarm in constant numbers on all the ripe fruit. The apples shrink into nothing, as many mandibles nibble busily. The leaves, once deep green hued, are now yellow and brown skeletons of their former selves.

I pass with saddened heart. But the living green of the corn in the next field refreshes me and I leap hurriedly into the living field. Already the tassels appear, cool and fresh with the dew. Surely a fine crop in store. And harvest is not far off. But what lone insect wings its way into my corn field? The sun courses a gleam to reach my eyes from its iridescent back, the back of a beetle. Again the pest from Japan. What now, injurious creature? Heavens! There are eight of them in this ear! They have eaten off the silk whence the kernels grow. Where will I secure my crop from? Cursed beetle! You ruin my apples, devour my corn, pick at my grapes, chew my pears, try everything I grow. I will find your natural enemy. Yes, you will be threatened with extinction in time. As long as hope springs eternal in the human heart, will the balance of Nature be sought by agriculture — that spirit which lives despite the troubles and hardships that afflict here daily, fortnightly and perennially.

— A. W. Levingstone.



Insect Mystery:

WHERE DOES THE

VETCH PEST HIDE?

Mystery surrounding the winter whereabouts of a tiny beetle, the Vetch Buichid, has made it impossible so far to work out effective measures for controlling this insect that now threatens to destroy the vetch seed industry in the Atlantic States. Each spring since 1931, adult beetles have appeared out of the unknown, multiplied and spread until they now are established in New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania and Virginia.

From spring, when the eggs that start the life cycles are first laid in young vetch pods, until fall when the new generation adults return to their secret hiding places, the buichid's life is an open book. The beetle is destructive in the larval stage only. Hatching from the eggs, the larvae bore through the pods and feed on the seeds. The full grown larvae change into pupae, from which they emerge as adults, extremely small, round, dark brown beetles that look like bean or pea weevils.

The riddle is: Where do these adults go from there? Every conceivable place of concealment, including the tops of telegraph poles and tall pine trees have been searched without revealing any sign of a hibernating buichid.

The hunt goes on...

THE APPLE GROWER

Here's to the apple grower!

He has a gambler's chance,
He has to mortgage house and crop
To finance, finance, finance.

When the wind gets in the North
And pipes a lively tune,
We gather up our rustic tools
And prune and prune and prune.

And then we gather up the wood
The brush and every switch,
Then we get the plow and disc
And ditch and ditch and ditch.

The buds begin to swell and burst
The bees all make a raid,
We have a blossom festival
And parade, parade, parade.

Then in the springtime there always
comes

The merry month of May,
It's then we fill our greenish tanks
And spray and spray and spray.

In summer when the fruit has come
And set on every limb,
That's when we set the ladder up
And thin and thin and thin.

When fruit is growing on the trees
We lay up hose and gun,
Vacation time has come at last —
Like fun, like fun, like fun.....

— M. Bach.



HARVEST TIME

Under the fine supervision of Prof. D. Purmell and with the able assistance of Ben Zeider, the Horticulture Department has accomplished some fine work this year.

They have just completed the harvesting of a bumper crop of peaches. Twenty-six hundred baskets were picked and marketed at very satisfactory prices. The fruit was large and of fine quality.

Tomatoes, early cabbage, early corn, and other vegetables yielded exceptionally well in spite of the summer drought.

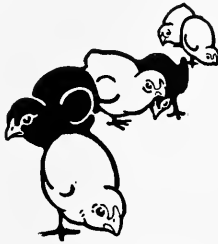
Prospects for a good Stayman winesap and Smokehouse apple harvest and a fair grape crop are anticipated. The department has already picked most of the Smokehouse apples and the grapes.

The extensive plantings of new fields of strawberries, rhubarb, peaches and currants are all doing well.

Summarizing, the department has had a most successful season producing better quality and larger yielding crops.

POULTRY

The Poultry department has completed a most successful season of rearing their birds and is looking forward to excellent results from the thirty-five hundred pullets which will be housed this fall. The majority of the birds are White Leghorns and the remainder are made up of Barred Rocks and New Hampshire Reds.



There are six hundred hens laying sixty percent. All night light is used as a stimulus. Two hundred of these hens will be used for breeding next season.

Several hundred cockerels are being reared on the range. The ones showing the best breed characteristics will be used as sires for future stock.

The brooding season, which extended from February to June, was a little longer than the average. We were very successful to come through with an average mortality of ten percent.

Despite the fact that our incubator is a bit antiquated, being a nineteen hundred model, the average hatch ran about sixty percent.

The future of this enterprising department looks very promising and we are predicting a record breaking year as a result.

After much discussion by the Board of Directors and Faculty, it was decided to erect a private dining room for the convenience of the Faculty. This addition to Morris Lasker Hall is now nearing completion, and will be ready for almost immediate use.



GENERAL AGRICULTURE

The wheat and oat crops this year were exceptionally fine. The total yields for each crop were 3100 bushels of wheat and 1500 bushels of oats. Due to the dry weather during the earlier part of the summer, there was an unusually short crop of hay. The last of the silage corn has already been taken in. Despite the fact that a new silo had been built, the crop was bountiful enough to fill both the old silo and this new one. Harvesting of the potatoes has just commenced and the best crop ever taken off Farm School is expected. A very conservative estimate of the yield is 7000 bushels.



Citrus Insects of Palestine as Compared with Southern California and Florida

DUE to the fact that Palestine has often been referred to as the Southern California of the Near East, since it possesses very similar climatic properties, it might be of interest to compare the destructive insects of these countries.

At present, the citrus insects of Palestine comprise about 56 species, of which only a small number constitute the most dangerous; and fortunately, these are localized. It is also true that only three of all citrus insects draw their sustenance from citrus trees alone, and that these have been introduced into the country. Since most species migrate from different plants to citrus trees, it is important to avoid planting citrus groves in the vicinity where the hedges *Acacia Farnesiana*, *Opuntia Ficus* are abundant, the last one being most favorable for the spread of *Ceratitis Capitata* (the Mediterranean Fruit Fly). The weed flora of Palestine has provided breeding places for disease spreading. Fruit trees which are grown in the vicinity of these weeds afford nests for the Fruit Fly. It is also believed that frequent change of different commercial fertilizers stimulates the increase of certain insects, and that injury varies on the different Citrus species. These facts are true of Palestine and may hold true of this country also.

Scale insects of Palestine top the list in the extent of destructiveness.

The injury is comparatively much lower than in California or Florida.

A common scale which is to be found all over Palestine, as well as in California is only of minor importance in Palestine. In California it is ranked as a pest of first importance. The Cottony Cushion Scale does not appear in Palestine in large numbers, and does not do as much damage, nor threaten the orange industry as it did once in California.

It is most interesting to note that the Mediterranean Fruit Fly which has nearly ruined the orange industry in Florida, is of less economical importance in Palestine, since it causes injury mainly to late oranges; as these are little grown there, the danger is slight.

One of the most dangerous insects of Palestine, which brought the famine in 1915, is the African Migratory Locust. It is most questionable whether a hard attack could be checked. In the United States it is of the least significance.

Unfortunately, little success has been achieved in the introduction of the Australian Beetle, as none of the colonies survived over the winter. The Entomogenous Fungi, which have done miracles in this country in regard to insect control, are practically unknown in Palestine. The Fungi form a growth on the bodies of insects, finally killing them in their larvae stage.

At the present time, Palestine depends on natural climatic properties and on local features, for the destruction of its pests.

Consideration must be paid to the fact that the Citrus fruit industry there is still in its infancy. About 2,000,000 boxes are exported yearly in comparison with 34,000,000 boxes from the United States. The task for the grower will be much greater in the future in finding insect control measures. Sprays are not widely used in Palestine and fruit does not go through as thorough a washing process as it does in America.

RESPONSIBILITY

The upward patter of tiny feet.
The sound grows quicker and stronger,

A leap — a bound; a thinking brain,
The brain is idle no longer.

He stumbles, falls and peers around,
What! others have fallen too;
He finds his feet and thinking,
Helps them to regain their's too.

His thoughts are dim, views uncertain,
The glamour of youth is stronger,
A lingering doubt and then
He is a youth no longer...

— P. Goldfarb.



Are We Such

Hatred for the city is simply the result of monotony caused by dull surroundings, occupations that are engaged in, not because of the joy they offer, but for the material gain, amusements that have become trite — plainly, dissatisfaction with things in general.

The mind is on the go, trying to figure over an avenue of escape from this serious predicament. It halts before the signpost that reads, "change in environment". In this manner can the case of the average city youth be analyzed.

He turns to the rural life for his salvation, not that he likes the soil, but that he hates the city, and thinks that he can learn to love farming. The solution to the problem lies in a new life where, day in and day out, monotony is lost in a sea of pleasant tasks and sur-

roundings.

The pursuit of agriculture, with its many branches, offers every conceivable opportunity to the finding of that new life. A love for the soil will take hold gradually but surely, by finding satisfaction, variation and joy in the work and environment. Unthought of phenomena will be exposed under a clear light of simple explanations, both appealing and educating. Material gain will dissolve under the strong rays of a tender attachment for nature.

When the city boy can learn to understand the ways of nature, the beauty of the fields and countryside, when he feels himself in close proximity to the soil and its myriads of life — then he will have developed within him a love for agriculture and everything related to it.

It's Good to Know You Belong

What's that certain feeling one gets when coming back to N. F. S. after a vacation? And especially in the early spring or summer?

It is felt when at first two or three of us get together on the bus or train. It is there even though we are jammed with four handbags among the three of us in the rear seat of some sympathetic gent's automobile. It comes up from un-

der the wisecracks as we near the dairy. Again it is there when we glimpse the campus; the gate, the green expanse of the football field—the bleachers perhaps, the long side wall and the bell-tower on the new building.

For the Junior and Senior especially, for a time at least, all by-gones are by-gones. It's good to know you belong. C. C.

Agriculture in the West

MANY of the students are interested in knowing what opportunities the West presents for agriculture. As a Westerner and a traveler, I will endeavor to convey to you a slight idea of the West as I have seen and learned about it.

In the West there are ample opportunities to pursue any branch of agriculture. A person should know which branch of agriculture he wishes to follow and then go to the state where it is practiced.

The West is divided into three principal parts: the Plains Region, the Rocky Mountains and branch ranges, and the Pacific Slope.

If Dairy is the vocation, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Pacific slope will be found to have nearly ideal conditions. Beef cattle, however, are found to do best along the eastern edge of the Rockies from Texas and Arizona to Montana. Sheep thrive in practically the same region as beef cattle but further in the Rockies, extending to mountains in eastern Oregon and Washington.

Vegetable growing in large quanti-

ties is found in valleys in Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico and all along the Pacific. If it is fruit growing, go clear to the Pacific slope. Fruit large and small, in many varieties and kinds, from Sub-Tropical to Northern are grown here.

Floriculture and Landscape Gardening need little mention as they are adaptable to any location.

Poultry comes largely in Minnesota, Wisconsin and the Pacific slope states. Watch those egg co-ops.

General agriculture occupies the Plains Region. Wheat reigns from Oklahoma, north into Canada and west to Montana and Washington. Corn is at home in Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri; and where corn is grown, pigs are sure to be found. The rest of the cereals are also found in this region. Oats are grown in the Dakotas. Vegetables have replaced a lot of the cotton in Texas.

Yes, there is lots of wisdom in Horace Greeley's words "Go West, young man!"

Facts at Random

Out of 69 farm scales tested, only 6 were even fairly accurate.

Cross-bred pigs do not grow any faster than pure-breds.

Brooder pneumonia in young chicks is really a form of Bacillary White Diarrhoea.

Manure is worth three times as much on sandy soils as on the clay and loam soils.

Soybean Oil Meal is a poor food for laying hens.

A 3,450-pound team of grade Percherons made a new record by starting a 3,100-pound load, and pulling it.

Animals grazing on Sweet Clover often bleed to death, if slightly cut or scratched.

Large quantities of Cottonseed Meal are poisonous to livestock.

The yellow coloring used for coloring butter is made from carrots.

The coloring matter in milk is a hereditary characteristic.

Oats are benefitted by a previous soybean crop, while wheat is not.

Silage is a better food than mixed hay for fattening calves.

A fat steer will shrink 60 pounds or so, in a day's railroad trip.



Our Schoolboy Days

*Amid the roar and rattle
Of any football battle,
A kid may make
A slight mistake
And toss the game away.
And all the rooters ride him
And all the experts chide him,
And all the year
That kid will hear
About his bonehead play.*

*We censure him and blame him,
We ridicule and shame him,
But we were not
So very hot
Back in our schoolboy days.
When you and I were twenty
We made mistakes aplenty.
To tell the truth,
Our callow youth
Was full of bonehead plays.*

Some Poisonous Plants

WHEN you go to the theatre you want to know something of the play, its author, the characters, plot, and general layout. If this advance information is lacking, you lose interest, and your enjoyment is curtailed.

In much the same way, if you are going to enjoy the year-round spectacle of Nature to the utmost, you want to know who its actors are, and a little about the parts they play in the continuous scheme of our great outdoor pageant, as well as what to approach, and what to avoid. Nature has no board of censors, or critics. Learn beforehand.

Every plant in the world has to protect itself, if it is to survive. Enemies are on every side, including grazing animals, insects, deadly fungi, and the like. One of the most common forms of protection is to develop certain properties which will act as repellants to the enemies of the species. Thorns, poisons, disagreeable odors, and several others of like calibre, are much in vogue.

Among the most common North American plants which are poisonous to the touch are Poison Ivy, Poison Oak, and Poison Sumac. Contact with any of these is usually sure to cause a serious inflammation, together with a devilish itch, and sometimes serious illness. Some people are immune to such things, but they are few and far between.

Poison-Ivy grows abundantly throughout our country, and is the most common of the beloved (?) itch-causers. It is found climbing up the trunks of trees, in and around bushes along roadways, and

on sandy wastes where nothing else can grow. There is an abundance of it along every fence row, where it flourishes when everything else wilts and dies. Its characteristics are:— three leaves, the top having the largest petiole, and all being bright green, orange or red; white berries; and a straggly growth habit. Do not confuse the Virginia Creeper with this pest. The latter has five leaves. After coming in contact with ivy, wash the affected parts as soon as possible with naphtha soap, dust with boric acid, and see your doctor if it bothers you considerably.

Poison Sumac is found in swampy places. The leaves of this plant are from seven to twenty. The ordinary sumac of our hills has from thirteen to thirty leaves in a cluster. The berries of this pest are also white. The twigs sometimes become dotted with the orange-colored breathing pores as the bark thickens.

Further west than we find poison-ivy, the so-called Poison-Oak takes the place of prominence. The leaves of this plant are thicker, smaller, and less pointed than ivy leaves, but the effects are just the same to him who touches. Memorize this adage, which still holds true as it did years ago:

“Berries red, have no dread.

Berries white, poisonous sight.

Leaves three, quickly flee.”



Keeping Ahead in Agriculture

Farming may be the oldest industry in the world, but it has by no means stopped growing. In fact, it is one of the fastest growing industries we have. Keeping ahead is one of the important issues that confronts the farmer. A farmer of a decade ago cannot very well succeed today. Times change and so does farming. What was a fact yesterday, is a fallacy today. It is the job of the farmer to keep abreast with the progress in agriculture.

Tests by the United States Department of Agriculture indicate

that when cows are milked three times daily over a long period of seven months to a year, they produce 20 per cent more milk and 21 per cent more butterfat than when milked twice daily. Milking four times a day increased the milk 7 per cent and the butterfat 6 per cent more than when milking three times a day. Changing milkers resulted in an almost negligible decrease in milk production. Milking and feeding regularly increased milk production almost 4 per cent and butterfat 5 per cent as compared to irregular care.



*The changeful autumn will soon be
here,*

*The most beautiful time of all the year,
When field and woods and vale and hill
Are arrayed and painted past man's
best skill.*

*The countryside never looks so fair,
As in the autumn's clean, clear air,
With lazy clouds afloat on high
And air alive with butterflies.*

*What was sown has now been reaped;
On him that sowed, nature has heaped,
From her horn of plenty, a wealth
untold,
Worth more than silver, the harvest
gold.*

*The birds again are southward bound,
Except the crow, whose mournful
sound*

*Through wintry days, a dreary call
Will come from treetops bare and tall.*

*The harvest time is here again
When nature yields her wealth to men.
The frost is on the pumpkin, gold,
The corn is shocked, and nights grow
cold.*

CAMPUS NEWS

MUSICAL ORGANIZATION

Now that summer is over, members of the band, orchestra, and all others interested in music have joined to form the Musical Organization. The purpose of the club is to afford its members and the student body musical entertainment during the fall and winter months, and to also promote a better spirit among the members of the band and orchestra.

At the first organization meeting, elections were held and the following were elected to office: I. Jacobson, President; M. Moscovitz, Secretary; L. Wyker, Treasurer. Mr. Samuels and Dean Goodling have been awarded honorary memberships.

The matter of dues was discussed and it was decided that the nominal sum of five cents be paid every week.

Lieutenant Frankel suggested a concert, to be held in the near future, given by professional talent which he will supply. A definite date has not been set, but it will be sometime in October. The meeting ended with Lieutenant Frankel telling interesting experiences in his musical life.

Our aim is to make this club the most outstanding one of the school. Don't forget to watch for the date of the concert. Prominent artists will be featured. The talent will be professional, not amateur.

FACULTY PICNIC

THE annual Faculty picnic was held at Forest Park on September 4. It was a day when the old became young and the young, younger. The weather,

which prevented the picnic last year, was ideal.

The horses and wagons were decorated in green and gold and provided the transportation.

The morning was spent in the participation of the various sports, such as soccer, swimming, baseball and horseshoe pitching. The Dairy and General Agriculture departments staged a battle with horseshoes. The Dairy was leading at the time the game was interrupted by the dinner bell.

Dinner, as usual, was the main event of the day. Mr. Samuels, acting as chief dispenser, served the meal to the boys. He ably seasoned the food with some of his rare humorous tidbits.

The remainder of the day was turned over to the faculty who did their best to entertain. Dean Goodling, Mr. Samuels, and Mr. Schneider played all the games of chance with the understanding that "loser pays all". Mr. Schneider, who claims, "I did not come down the previous Sunday and practice," was the perpetual winner. Our Dean was continually "shelling out".

When three o'clock finally rolled around, the reluctance to leave which prevailed was sufficient proof of the good time had by all. But as all good things must come to an end, the fellows finally piled onto the wagons and headed for Farm School and details.

It is with great regret that we bid farewell to our beloved chaplain, Rabbi Julian B. Feibelman, who recently resigned his position at Farm School to accept the leadership of a large congregation in New Orleans. The student body will deeply feel the loss of this great leader and true friend.



LIBRARY NEWS

The *Gleaner* staff takes this opportunity to bid a final farewell to our good friend and former librarian, Miss Lee Fine, and to wish her all the success that must be hers.

We have indeed been fortunate in securing as her successor, Mrs. Maude B. Maines, a former Philadelphia school teacher and librarian.

Mrs. Maines attended Saint Joseph's Academy and then taught English for eight years at the Wanamaker Institute. She did advance library research work at McCall Vocational School in Philadelphia.

We heartily welcome her to Farm School and hope her new position will be a pleasant one.

PRESS CLUB

The newest organization in the school is the Press Club. It aims to keep the outside public in closer contact with the everyday doings of Farm School and to give the students some experience in the art of journalism. The club has as its advisor, Mr. Russell Thomas, of the "Doylestown Intelligencer".

At the first meeting the following were elected to office:

David Segal President

David Oschrin Secretary

The members have been assigned to cover different school activities, such as sports, chapel and prominent visitors, clubs, campus news and agricultural news.



JUNIOR PROM

The Junior Class held the annual Prom on Saturday evening, September 12. Living up to its name as the best dance of the year, the Prom will be remembered as the best affair ever to be given at Farm School. The gymnasium, decorated with an old fashioned garden setting, provided a perfect background for this gala event. The beautiful waterfall and pool, with its cool, sparkling, green color, was the high-spot of the dance. The Junior Class deserves much credit for putting over this huge success.

ALUMNI



MEMORIAL LANE

WITH the completion of "Memorial Lane", the pen of history again has dipped into the inkwell of Time and written another page into the annals of The National Farm School.

This immortal drive was dedicated July Fourth, Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-Six, to the continuous memory of our comrades, fallen upon the battlefield of life.

In death, even as in life, the brotherly spirit of Farm School lives on.

Yea, a monument is a beautiful creation for mortals to view, but even in the erection of a lasting tribute, the tradition of practicableness which is a high ideal in the foundation of Farm School, is shown by this gem of thoughtfulness in the construction of a better and more convenient institution for posterity.

Memorial Lane will ever stand out as the most noble achievement of the Alumni Association.

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER

*What the Alumni Think of Memorial
Lane*

The newly completed Memorial Lane will serve a threefold purpose:

First: A fitting tribute to those departed classmates whose feet in student days trod this same ground, had laughed or scampered about upon it, or had walked meditatively on it, as they pondered some problem of school or home.

Second: It is a thing of enchantment to the Campus. Let us try to picture it.

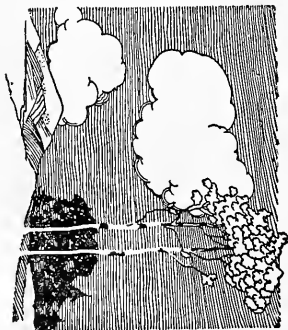
Spring: and the graceful curve of the Lane is crammed with green shoots and budding leaves, sweet scented by the rain and tenanted by some early feathered harbingers from the South.

Summer: and the Lane is a mass of blooms and swaying leaves; cooling shade by day and a deep scented canyon at night.

Autumn: and the Memorial is a tumbling kaleidoscopic disarray of Indian painted oak leaves and shrubbery, weird crackles and rustles echo in the Lane as Nature lays a carpet of bizarre design over the velvety greensward.

Winter: and Jack Frost has stripped the trees and then has laid his icy fingers upon the boughs and limbs, transforming them into crystal decorations, then sway to and fro at the North Wind's bidding. A slight depression in a blanket of snow tells where the roadbed hides. Beauty all through the year, in every season, enriching the school and its environs.

Thirdly: Do you not believe that the beloved Founder would have wished it so? That this memorial be in the form of the Art taught by the institution he founded.



SPORTS

ACTIVITY in various sports being suspended after the termination of the baseball season, there was a temporary stagnation in such form of extra-curricular work.

Nevertheless, during this lull, we found students giving vent to their athletic inclinations through the medium of interdorm sports and tournaments. Besides fostering the spirit of good-will among the students, they found an interesting means of diversion in a game of mushball or any of the other interdorm sports, besides a pennant to the winner.

In a recent series of mushball games among the dormitories, we found the Freshmen from Eisner, Segal and Penn halls instilled with the "do or die" spirit when opposed to the upper classmen. Here at last was a chance to settle an old score with their rivals. However, the same upper classmen, far from succumbing to the Freshmen, were

aroused and eliminated the Mutts. Thus, it developed into an all Ulman Hall affair with first floor emerging the victors.

Yet another means of relieving the tedium of hot summer days was the proposed handball tournaments. A rather disappointing showing was made with but a few students signing up for participation in the games. This evident lack of interest evinced by the students for support of this sport naturally occasioned the suspension of the contest.

The credit for the organization and execution of all the details of handball tournaments goes to the Varsity Club. But this good work all goes to naught if the popularity of this contest may be judged by student participation. Thus, if further activities are desired, a much larger turnout is needed, with more students taking an active rather than a vicarious interest in these sports.



JUNIOR - FROSH TRACK MEET

Although this popular event was held several months ago, we are including the events and the placings for future references.

George Kessler was the star of the day by winning four first places for the Juniors.

Event	First	Second	Third	Juniors	Frosh
100-yd. dash.....	Kessler	Rintz	Meyers	9	0
Shot-put	Luppinacci	Emil	Brambley	1	8
High jump	Rintz	Meyers	Jennings	1	1
220-yd. dash	Emil	Rintz	Margulis	4	5
St. broad jump....	Kessler	Gluckman	Sperling	8	1
Run. broad jp.....	Kessler	Poss	Sperling	5	4
440-yd. dash	Jacobus	Gerstein	Magann	3	6
Mile Run	Kessler	Magann	Brambley	6	3
Total.....				44	28



ASPIRATIONS

After four weeks of arduous scrimmage, a general optimism for a most successful season is prevalent among the 1936 Farm School gridders.

During the first period of training, the linemen have proven beyond a doubt their power and ability to execute the orders of a quick-thinking, fast-moving backfield.

On the squad there are seven players who have proven their worth by already winning the coveted "F". In the backfield are Captain Dave Segal, quarterback,

and halfbacks "Cy" Rintz and Ray Goode. Lettermen in the line include such stellar men as "Mule" Haas, "Foggy" H a p p, "Lafy" Schechtman, "Nose" Frankel and Jimmie Cohen. All are reliable and are able to take a lot of punishment on the defense and are fast charging on the offense.

There has been a fine turnout of men. Many have had previous experience and are starting to go places. The scrubs are fighting hard and giving the varsity excellent competition.

Victory For "Bulldogs"

THE "Bulldogs" played a pre-season game with the Eighth Ward Republican Club of Camden on Sunday, September 20, and romped over the politicians for a fourteen to nothing victory.

During the first period, Segal intercepted a pass and ran eighty-five yards for the first touchdown, his mates forming a perfect interference. During the last period of play, "Cy" Rintz threw a pass to Zartarian, who ran twenty yards for another counter. Emil converted both touchdowns.

The "Bulldogs" made nine first downs to the visitors' eight. Farm School completed four passes after eight attempts and the Camdenites completed three out of six tries.

Schechtman's lust for blood cost us fifty yards in penalties for unnecessary roughness.

We hope this victory will inaugurate an undefeated season!

LINEUP

Farm School

Camden

J. Frankel	l.e.	Langdon
I. Jacobson	l.t.	Thorn
L. Schechtman	l.g.	Christopher
H. Brambley	c.	Vanderslice
P. Rader	r.g.	Eulo
J. Cohen	r.t.	Denini
A. Happ	r.e.	Peck
D. Segal	q.b.	Adams
B. Emil	h.b.	L. Wright
M. Caplan	h.b.	McMann
E. Rintz	f.b.	G. Wright

Substitutions:

G. Cohen, S. Lupinacci, M. Rothstein, Zartarian.

N. F. S.	7	0	0	7-14
Camden	0	0	0	0-0

FARM SCHOOL

ENTERS LEAGUE

Perhaps it is still news to some that Farm School has at last entered into a football conference. The league is composed of two divisions, an Eastern and Western half, with four teams in each.

The winners of each division will meet in a post-season game.

Farm School's 1936 Football Schedule

Oct. 3—

Bloomsburg Teachers' College, J. V.—

At home

Oct. 10—New Paltz Normal School—

At home

*Oct. 24—Camden Voc. School .. At home

Oct. 24—Stroudsburg Teachers' College

Frosh At home

*Oct. 31—Atlantic City Voc. School..Away

Nov. 7—Stockbridge College .. At home

Nov. 14—Ursinus College Frosh..At home

*Nov. 26—(Thanksgiving Day)

Williamson Trade School At home

* Indicate Vocational School Conference Games.



Come on, Farm School, the championship is our goal! Your support may turn defeat into victory, so cheer your team to victory.



LAUGHLAND

G. Kopolow.

THIS country is going to the dogs. I don't know where the city is going, but the country is going to the dogs.

To illustrate: Take the tinsmiths. They're going up the spout. Sewer diggers are always in a hole. Paper hangers and plasterers are always up against the wall. Oyster dealers are continually shelling out and getting into a stew. The poor elevator men have their ups and downs. Everything with the clockmakers is on the tick. They are on strike every hour, run down their own works, and are seldom on time. The tailor business is merely sew-sew. The lime trade is slack. The spiritualist's business is medium, and the undertaker's business is dead. The stove business is grate, but it's all gone up the flue. The carpet business is

held down by tax. The chair business may be good but everyone is down on it. The baker has plenty of dough but he isn't well-bred and gets crusty. Why even the poor old washwoman is always in soak, but she seems to be the only one that hangs out along the line. The dentist is always looking down in the mouth...

All the world's a stage, but most of us sit in the gallery and hiss the performers...

Two men were indulging in a violent quarrel and just as I passed between them, one of the men drew a gun and shot the other man dead, but in doing so, the bullet passed through me. I was arrested, charged with murder and convicted of the crime, the judge ruling that it was through me that the man was killed

Kwass: "Why does Roseman always wear socks with arrows on them?"

Perkes: "To go with his bow-legs."

Did you hear about the immigration officer who was fired for passing a bum Czech...

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G U S S I E

Dear Gussie:

What should the ideal man look like?

Kitty.

Dear Kitty:

Mine has a million bucks, who cares what he looks like.

—

Dear Gussie, of the Greasy Sleeve:

I'm deeply in love with a great violinist. But he wants me to play second fiddle and I'm only a

Pianist.

Dear Piano Player:

He's not your beau, he's just stringing you along.

—

Dear Gussie:

I am nearly frantic. I find I am losing my mind. What shall I do?

B. F.

Dear B. F.:

Do? Why borrow as much money as you can.

—

Dear Gus:

I am a boy of eighteen years. Everytime I visit my girl, Frieda, her small brother, Knut, always hangs around. How can I get rid of him?

Hymie.

Dear Inspector:

Take him out in the yard and fan his backside. Nowadays, you've gotta paddle your own Knut.

Dear Gussie, Saver of Souls:

I am in love with a girl who answers my pleadings by saying she could only love me as a brother. What shall I do?

Sam Ch—

Dear Ch—arlesworth: (Ha! Ha! I fooled you.)

Flee before it is too late! Don't take her up on it. I know her brother!

—

Dear Gussie:

My boy friend wants to become an auto racer. What shall I do?

Puzzled.

Dear Puzzled:

Don't stand in his way.

—

Dear Gussie:

I am a healthy, intelligent, young man, tall and presentable, with an irresistible personality, a Midas purse and a black Lincoln roadster. In spite of these assets, I rarely have a date. What do you advise? Patiently waiting your reply.

Lothario.

Dear Lothe:

I'm not doing anything next Saturday. How about it?

—

Dear Gussie:

How can I get in touch with you? I have, oh, so many problems to tell you about.

Discontented.

Dear Dis:

Address me:
c/o The Gleaner Contribution Box,
Outside the Dining Room.

Tin Types

"BABE" RABINOWITZ

"Lo, hear the gentle lark."

Spends spare time collecting laundry and heckling Mr. Schmieder.

Weakness is Forage Crops.

Ambition: To be a huckster.



"TINY" HARRISON

"I want men about me that are fat."

God's gift to the *Gleaner* staff.

There are more jokes printed about "Tiny's" corpulence than Garbo's feet or Durante's nose.

Ambition: To break in tractor seats.

GEORGE FELLHEIMER

"My offence is rank, it stinks to high heaven."

Will be known to posterity as "Ubangi".

Knows every way to get out of details and inspection.

Reminds one of a wooden Indian, especially the proboscis.

Ambition: To be the next dean.

"MURPHY" BATALSKY

"Alas, I knew him also, a man of infinite jest."

Famous for his story in four parts.

Farm School's gift to Willow Grove.

Also known as "Batty".

Ambition: None.



Small Boy: "What is college bred, pop?"

Pop: "College bred, my son, is made from the flour of youth and the dough of old age..."

Your Hit Parade**Our Lucky Strike Winners**

1. The Revolutionist's song—
"May I"
2. Millionaire's wife's song—
"Buy a Waterfall"
3. Curling Iron song—
"I Get a Kink Out of You"

Save the Pieces

We have a new and clumsy girl,
Having lost our careful Dinah,
The new one we have nicknamed
"Jap",
She is so hard on china.



Mr. Zeigler: "Say, do you know
that the new librarian has twenty
degrees!"

Lavin: "That ain't so hot."



Visitor: "Rather exclusive
school?"

Mutt: "You said it, even the
waiters don't talk to each other."

Dutch: "Do you like women that
talk or the other kind?"

Blatt: "What other kind?"

**R. S. V. P.**

Repondez, s'il vous plait.
(Respond, if you please.)

Why give parties, willy nilly,
Must I sit beside some silly
Undeveloped, callow flapper
And amuse instead of slap her?
Must I eat a wicked, wasteful
Undigestible, distasteful
Meal, and drink a dozen glasses
With a dozen other asses?

"Awfully kind of you — delighted.
Thanks — so nice to be invited."

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